

THE SUMTER BANNER.

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THE SUMTER BANNER.

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WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

TERMS.

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The number of insertions to be marked on all advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.
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All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices or trust—or puffing Exhibitions, will be charged as Advertisements.
All letters by mail must be paid to insure punctual attendance.

Candidates.

The friends of Captain J. D. ASHMORE, announce him as a candidate for Representative at the ensuing election.
Jan. 19, 1848. 12 tf

Mr. Editor: Please announce Capt. T. M. BAKER as a candidate for Representative at the ensuing election.
MANY VOTERS.
Jan. 12, 1848. 11 tf

We are authorized to announce JOHN L. MILLER, Esq. a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at the ensuing election.
Dec. 15, 1847. 7 tf

We are authorized to announce DANIEL H. RICHBOURG, a candidate for the office of Clerk at the ensuing election.
Jan. 20, 1848. 13 tf

The friends of JACOB H. WHITEHEAD, Esq. announce him as a candidate for Sheriff, at the next, after the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce JOS. M. NETTLES, Esq., a candidate for the office of Tax Collector for Claremont county, at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce WILLIAM G. BARRET, Esq., as a candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing Election.

Miscellaneous.

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.

The following exquisitely feminine and eloquent epistle was written by the celebrated Mrs. Godolphin to her husband, a few days before her death. She had been one of the beauties of Charles the Second's Court, but successfully resisting the blandishments of that corrupt circle, had resigned and married Mr. Godolphin, afterwards the celebrated Lord Godolphin. Evelyn, who knew Mrs. G., called her "his dear saint." It is needless to say her husband never married again—how could he after the loss of such a wife!

"My dearest, not knowing how God Almighty may deal with me, I think it my best course to settle my affairs, so as that, in case I be to leave this world, no earthly thing may take my thoughts. In the first place, my dearest, believe me that of earthly things you were and are the most dear to me; and I am convinced that no body ever had a better or half so good a husband. I beg your pardon for all my imperfections, which I am sensible were many; but such as I could help, I did endeavor to subdue, that they might not trouble you. * * * I know nothing more I have to desire of you, but that you will sometimes think of me with kindness, but never with too much grief. For my funeral, I desire there may be no cost bestowed upon it at all; but if I might, I would beg that my body might lie where I have had such a mind to go myself, at Godolphin, among your friends. I believe, if I were carried by Sea, the expense would not be very great; but I don't insist upon that place, if you think it not reasonable lay me where you please.
Pray, my dearest, be kind to that poor Child I leave behind, for my sake, who loved you so well; but I need not bid you, I know you will be so. If you should think fit to marry again, I humbly beg that little fortune I brought may be first settled upon my Child, and that as long as any of your Sisters live, you will loit (if they permit) live with them, for it may be so, tho' you will love it, my successor will not be so fond of it as them I am sure will be.
Now, my dearest Child, farewell."

GOOD.

How contented and happy must the man be who can conscientiously repeat this beautiful passage of Shakespeare: "I am a true laborer, I can earn that I eat, get what I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my farm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck."

THE ROOT OF EVIL.

Dow Jnr., in the Sunday Mercury, thus discourses on the importance of money:—"My hearers—this is not only a great, but a curious and mysterious world we live in, and pay rent for. All discord is harmony; all evil is good—all despotism is liberty; and all wrong is right—for, as Alexander Pope says, 'Whatever is, is right, except a left boot or wanting to borrow money.' You may want sense, and the world won't blame you for it. It would gladly furnish you with the article, had it any to spare;—but, unluckily, it has hardly enough for home consumption. However, if you lack sense, you are well enough off, after all; for then, if you commit a fox paw, as the French say, you are let go with the compliment, 'poor fool he doesn't know any better!' The truth is a great deal of brains is a vast deal of botheration. An empty skull is bound to shine in company; because the proprietor of it hasn't enough to know that there is a possibility of his making a nincompoop of himself; and, therefore he dashes ahead, hit or miss, and generally succeeds beyond the bounds of all expectation. Let a man be minus brains and plus brass, and he is sure to slide through the world as though he were greased from year to year; but rig up for him a complete machinery of thought, and it is as much as he can do to tend it. He goes to his grave ruffled and tumbled—curses life for its cares, and moans into eternity pack-saddled with mental misery. Oh! for the happiness of the fool!" This we consider one of Dow's best discourses.

THE UNSOCIAL.

There are many tempers so unsocial that they cannot enter freely into communication with the domestic circle.—They are willing and anxious. They can weep at their inability; but nature is too strong for them. You will never change such natures by expostulation. The causes must be removed; but they must be first discovered. Most probably they are so trifling that the party is ashamed even to mention them; for such is the mystery of our nature, that we are often guided and controlled by feelings that are incommunicable, on account of their triviality. It is the business of good manners to discover these feelings, and either cure them or protect them. To rebuke or provoke them is merely to irritate a sore. Human nature is very little understood. There is a science of good manners to be learned by us all, which will be of more service to society than the vulgar material sciences.—[Sat. Gleaner.

TRUTH.

Truth is undoubtedly the proper basis upon which the mind of man should build. His most earnest endeavors to acquire the wealth or fame of this world, should be guided by and based upon truth. A writer says, in advising parents:—"Accustom your children from their earliest youth, to speak the truth, and this they will do, if not prevented by servants, or their parents." What responsibly rests upon parents! All should see to this, and by example and advice, learn their children to tell the truth!

RESOLUTION.

"Resolution," says a writer, "is omnipotent." And if we will but solemnly determine to make the most and the best of all our powers and capacities; and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort, we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement.—[Gleaner.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

This being the anniversary of St. Valentine, is celebrated with great demonstrations of festivity throughout many parts of the Christian Church. The whole ceremony of that day at present consists in sending letters, sometimes sentimental, sometimes ridiculous, always more or less amatory, but it was formerly kept with much more dignity. Mission, an old traveller in the beginning of the last century, thus describes the ceremonial in his day:

"On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes his or her true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his 'Valentine,' and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valentine that is fallen to him than to the Valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves and this little sport ends in love.

"Among the ancient superstitions connected with this festival was one that the feathered race selected their mates for the season of spring on this day, and another about as well founded in truth, that the first unmarried person of the other sex that a person walking out met on St. Valentine's day was destined to be the future husband or wife (as the case might be) of the walker.

"It is said that in London there are 40,

000 more letters distributed on this day than on any other in the year. In New York, where the day has always been more or less kept, the number of letters that passed through the post office on St. Valentine's day of last year was twenty thousand.

"The day has heretofore never been celebrated at the South; but, as a harmless addition to our slender stock of amusements, we are glad to see it becoming more fashionable." [So. Pat.

Home!—How many thoughts and affections cling around the word home! The traveller, as he wanders o'er the rough pathway of some distant clime, calls to his recollection the scenes of his own lovely home, and beholds, in imagination, seated around his own fireside, his affectionate spouse and lovely children, eagerly awaiting his return home. The young man, as he arrives at an age capable of "doing for himself," and starts out into the world to seek a fortune in a distant State, casts behind a long and lingering look at his early home; and remembers that he has left there all the endearments of his childhood and early youth; a kind mother, who had succored him in infancy, and watched over him in childhood; an affectionate sister, who had been his guardian in youth and solace in affliction; and the companions of his early days still remain at his childhood's home; and as he wanders along o'er hill and dale, in search of an abiding place; as he encounters difficulties, and dangers cross his path; as temptations intervene and misfortunes arise, he is satisfied there is no place like home. As the sea-faring mariner skims o'er the briny tide; as he is tossed to and fro upon the foaming wave, in search of hidden treasures that lay across the mighty deep, the recollections of home in all its loveliness come up to his mind; and when among strangers and far from home in some distant land, he sighs:

Home! sweet home,
There is no place like Home!"

THE OLD MAID'S THERMOMETER.

- Age.
15. Anxious for coming out, and the attentions of the other sex.
 16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.
 17. Talks of love in the cottage, and disinterested affection.
 18. Francis herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.
 19. Is a little more diffident on account of being noticed.
 20. Commences being fashionable.
 21. Still more confident in her own attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment.
 22. Refuses a good offer, because he is not a man of fashion.
 23. Flirts with every young man she meets.
 24. Wonders she is not married.
 25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.
 26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.
 27. Prefers the company of rational men to flirting.
 28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way, with a comfortable income.
 29. Almost despairs of entering the married state.
 30. Rather fearful of being called an "Old Maid!"
 31. An additional love of dress.
 32. Professes to dislike balls, finds it difficult to get good partners.
 33. Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women—to flirt with chits.
 34. Affects good humor in her conversation with men.
 35. Jealous of the praises of women.
 36. Quarrels with her friend who is lately married.
 37. Thinks herself slighted in society.
 38. Likes to talk of her acquaintances who are married unfortunately.
 39. Ill-nature increases.
 40. Very meddling and officious.
 41. If rich, as a *dernier resort*, makes love to a young man without fortune.
 42. Not succeeding, rails against mankind.
 43. Partiality for cards, scandal commences.
 44. Severe against the manners of the age.
 45. Strong predilection for a Clergyman.
 46. Enraged at his desertion.
 47. Becomes desponding and takes snuff.
 48. Tun as all sensibility to cats and dogs.
 49. Adopts a dependant relation to attend upon her feline and canine nursery.
 50. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents all her ill humor on her unfortunate relation.

TESTIMONIALS TO WIVES.—An institution for the purpose of awarding testimonials to wives, has, says "Punch," just been opened in London. The prizes were distributed at a recent meeting, each one prefaced by an appropriate speech by the President of the Society. Here are a few:—

"To Mrs. Brittler, married to John Brittles twenty years. Had never in all that time given her husband cold mutton for dinner. Prize—a silver tea-pot.
"To Mrs. Fortypower, married twenty years. Mr. Fortypower, a constant attendant at the 'Cherryripe Club.' His wife, in all that time, had never asked him at what time he would come home, and never—except now and then upon his own solicitation—had expressed the determination to sit up for him. Prize—a silver cream jug.
"To Mrs. Rummur, married eighteen years. Had never, on any occasion, refused to go out with her husband, because he knew

she had no gown." Prize—a shawl, value five guineas.

"To Mrs. Mirabel, married seventeen years. Had never asked her husband for money! Prize—a real rible muff and tippet."

What the other testimonials were we cannot clearly say; the amazement and continued applause consequent on the delivery of this prize prevented us from hearing. We can only add by way of encouragement to wives in general, that Mrs. Mirabel was taken home to Baker Street, drawn in a carriage by four cream-colored horses, and preceded by a Band of Music.

FEMALE DRESS.

We are inclined, says the Quarterly Review, to think that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully, and in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size, the skin to its native purity, the waist at its proper region, the heels at their real level. The dress is calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we see, fair play. Flounces are a nice question. We like them when they wave and flow, as in very light material—muslin or gauze or barge—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel, or dissolving view; but we do not like them in rich material, where they flop, or in a stiff one, where they bristle, and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you do not expect them. In short, we like the gown that can do without flounces, as Josephine liked a face that could do without whiskers, but in either case, it must be a good one.

FARM JOURNALS.

Every Farmer should keep a journal. No matter whether he pursues the business on a large or small scale, he should keep a regular diary of his proceedings and experiments. All particulars relating to the planting, management and yield of his crops, profit of stocks, &c. &c., should be regularly journalized and preserved for future reference. A work of this character, concentrating the experience of years, would be possessed of almost inestimable value as a directory, and would doubtless be perused by future generations with pleasure, and probably with benefit. I am personally acquainted with several distinguished agriculturists who have, for years, kept regular journals of their proceedings, and who assure me that the 'trouble' of keeping a regular and systematic diary, or, as it may be more properly called, "journal," is nothing in comparison with its advantage. Von Thaer, and other distinguished transatlantic authors who have treated elaborately on the science of agriculture, as well as many eminent men in our country, have urged the importance, and even the necessity of this practice, and many of them have published forms, and given rules relative to the subject. The better way, however, as I conceive, is for every farmer to pursue his own plan: there is but little danger of his failing to comprehend the writing of his own band, whereas the cramping of rules and regulations might cause his interest to flag, and the work to stop, even at the commencement.—A PRACTICAL FARMER. We would advise farmers to consider this.—[German Town Telegraph.

THE ARKANSAS MAN WHO NEVER SAW A PIANO.

One time an Arkansas man, a genuine character who had been born and bred in the backwoods, happened to be in a river town on the banks of the 'Father of Waters, when one of its largest and most magnificent steamboats was lying at the pier. Our hero was magnificently clad in a wolf-skin cap, and blue homespun trousers, thrust into his enormous cowhide boots. His huge red hands were adorned with brass rings, and numerous warts as large as nutmegs, which gave note of his approach as he walked, like the rattle of the reptile. Attracted by the sound of music, the genius strolled on board the boat and accosted the captain:

"Mornin' stranger. Pretty peart music hereabouts. What mought'n come out of 'A piano-forte sir!'
'A what?'
'Piano-forte!'
'Never heern of one of them 'ere things afore. Where mought it be stranger?'
'In the lower cabin, sir.'
'Mought I take a look at the—thing?'
'Certainly, sir, walk down.'

The Arkansas man needed no further information. He went 'down stairs' into the cabin, where two tables were laid out for dinner. Walking up the narrow passage between them, he swept off knives, and forks by the swing of his coat flaps, but so intent was he upon the music and piano at the farther end of the cabin, that he heeded not the ruin he created. Approaching the instrument he literally devoured it with his eyes. The young lady who was seated at it continued playing, and the 'stranger' was wrapped in silent wonder. At length when the sounds ceased, he raised his cap respectfully, and addressed the audience:

'Ladies, I'm much obliged to you for the kindness you have done me. I never heard one of them afore, and never 'spect to agin.'
'You appear to be very much pleased with it,' observed a lady.
'Why, yes madam I am—somewhat—and perhaps I should like it better if I had

an ear for music—like my brother Yaw—I like it well enough—but if my brother Dick could only hear that 'ere thing—ladies, he'd tear his shirt, and fall right thru' it.'

MOUSTACHES.

'What's them are things growing on your upper lip, Mister?' asked a country Yankee of a coxcomb whom he met the other day.

'Sar!' exclaimed the dandy, fiercely raising his rattle, and bristling up to the interrogator—'what business is that to you sar!'

'Oh, no business of any consequence to speak on,' replied the Yankee—I jest axed for information, not being much acquainted with them are things.'

'Well sar!' returned the gallant angrily 'What if you aint acquainted with 'em? Must a fellow of your cloth have the impudence to question a gentleman of mine?'

'Is that rally your cloth, Mister, or is it the tailor's asked the countryman.

Do you intend to insinuate that I—

Sdeath sar, I'll not—

'Well, I thought as much,' returned the Yankee, carelessly striking his hands in his breeches pockets, and standing stiff before the dandy—

'I thought you never intended to pay for them.'

'What is that to you whether I pay for them or not? Hav'nt I a right to manage as I please with my own tailor—to pay him or let it alone?'

'Why Mister, that depends very much on what sort of a bargain you make. If your tailor agrees to let you cheat him, why that's his look out not mine. But you hav'nt told me yet what you called them are things on your upper lip.'

'Sar you're an impertinent puppy sar.'

'So I heard you say. Now father he's got a tarry dog—but he don't tarry much I can tell you—he'll kill three rats in two seconds—but as I was saying father's got a tarryer's dog; that's darned rough and hairy about the mouth—but Lord! he ain't a circumstance to you. He'd cling his tail between his legs if he was to see you and cry Ti-til-til and run to the end of the world without ever stopping. My gracious! how like the devil you do look with them are things.'

'Look! why sar, they are all the go now; there's no finished gentleman but wears moustaches.'

'Mystichers, do you call 'em? Well by hokey they are musty and rusty too; They look very much like the little end of our dog's tail, when he brushes it on the floor. Faugh, I wouldnt touch 'em no more than—'

'Touch 'em! sar if you offer to put a finger on them, I'll cane you within an inch of your life—I will sar.'

'What, with that are switch, Mister? I shouldnt mind it no more than I should an oat straw.'

'Well sar, you offer to touch my moustaches, and see if you do'nt get it.'

'Touch your mystichers! Why I'd as lieve touch two old chaws of tobacco, that have jest been spit out. Touch 'em indeed! Why Mister, I wouldnt touch 'em with the tongue. I can't conceive for my life, what could induce any human critter to wear such darned nasty looking things as them.'

'Nasty looking, did you call 'em? Sar you have no taste. Nasty looking indeed! Why sar, they are all the admiration of the ladies.'

'Ladies! ha, ha, ha, ladies, they must have a queer notion any how. But there are some women unaccountable fond of puppies, and sich like animals; and I've seen 'em fondle and kiss 'em, as if they were human critters. But Lord! I don't see how any woman could ever let her lips come within gun shot of yours. Admiration of the ladies indeed!'

'Do you question what I say, sar?'

'Why Mister, I don't know what kind of ladies you have in the city here. But one thing I can tell you—our country gals wouldn't no more let you touch 'em than they would a toad—they're very particular what comes in contact with their lips. But, Mister, how in the name of hair and bristles do you eat? How do you go to work to get the victuals in your mouth, with them are things hanging over it like a hedge fence over the side of a ditch? Do you eat meat and sich like, or do you live upon spoon victuals.'

'It's none of your business, sar, what I live on. I board at seven dollars a week, and I eat and drink what I please, sar.'

'Seven dollars a week, my gracious—we git board and washing and all, in the country, for a dollar and a half. But I suppose they charge you five dollars and a half extra for them are mystichers.—Faugh! I wouldn't have them at the table for ten dollars.'

'Blame it, what a fool I am to stand here talking with a fellow of your cloth! Thus saying the man with the moustaches flourishing his dandy switch, wheeled about and walked on. He had not gone but a few steps when the yankee bawled out after him—'

'Halloa mister—don't you want a currycomb? I've got some real fine ones, with teeth on both sides. They're bang up I can tell you.'

'Curse your currycombs and you too.' 'Don't swear mister—no go off in a passion. I meant no offence in what I've said. But I must declare, you're the darndest ugliest looking man in the face, I ever seed in all my life.'